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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

PREDICTION

In some inimical starry night
When the worthies are abed,
Suddenly will come a flight
Of baleful things about your head.
These will not be simply bats
(These, imponderable as leaves),
These will not be timid gnats—
These will be audacious thieves:

Devils of the midnight's action,
Wrong ones of the twisted spheres,
A fluttering unholy faction
Of Port Havoc mutineers.

In your spirit's corridors
There will, that night, be strange things:
What were dances will be wars,
There will be vain imaginings—
Slaughter and knavery and laughter,
Sights to make a man afraid,
Boozing, cajoling, boasts, and after
(I need not say) you'll be betrayed. . . .

Since the story is so bitter
The quaint world will find its proofs—
What is left of you will flitter
Like a grey cat on the roofs.

Morris Gilbert